

Good Morning 705

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

This is Why They Never Caught Jack the Ripper

IF ever London was shaken out of its ordinary routine by crime the shock came in the year 1888. The shocker was 'Jack the Ripper.'

I mention him because I have been asked if I can throw any light on his identity, or say why he ceased to murder. When Charles Peace was running wild, London was scared of him. When the garrotting gangs were strangling pedestrians, London was alarmed. When 'Jack the Ripper' was slaying women of the streets, London shuddered with horror and apprehension.

THE first woman found mutilated and dead was in the East End, in a shabby district of Whitechapel. Her body was found in the room she rented, and when the police surgeon was called he was surprised at the method of killing. The woman had been operated on by someone who evidently had a knowledge of surgery. Let it be said at once that practically all the girls and women who fell victims to this savage maniac were of what is called the 'unfortunate' class. They were street walkers.

The first crime was followed by a second. The second was barely announced when a third occurred. Then a fourth, and then more. And no arrest was made. First let me explain the origin of the name, Jack the Ripper.

Among hundreds of letters that arrived at Scotland Yard was one that received particular attention. It was signed 'Jack the Ripper,' and it told of the killings, and promised that other women would be slain in like manner.

But this was not a confession from the criminal. It is a peculiar fact that there is hardly ever a mystery murder without some daft individual, or individuals, writing to the police to 'confess' to the crime. The authorities at the Yard have developed a shrewd sense of diagnosis in these cases.

For one thing, the so-called confessors are generally wrong in some small point of fact, in some detail of the crime, in some suggested motive, that stamps their letters as the work of people who are out to confuse the issue.

What motive lies behind these anonymous letters — for they are all anonymous — Heaven in its overwhelming wisdom alone knows. Mental experts are often stumped in the endeavour to find reasons for the letters. Psychologists find it hard to explain.

But these peculiar people exist, much as the poison-pen writer exists, or the individual who makes telephone calls for no reason whatever. I have had instances of these mysterious telephone calls in my own experience. I have always wondered what kick the callers get out of them.

The Yard was not long coming to the conclusion that 'Jack the Ripper' was one of these; but the name stuck, and the

There were many 'clues' as to the murderer's identity. I have it from the C.I.D. that they believed the culprit was an insane Russian doctor. There was another theory that he was a medical student, a member of a well-known family, who had 'gone wrong.'

On only one occasion was the Ripper claimed to have been seen. A lady, who said she was a Spiritualist, was seated on top of a bus going up the Strand when she 'felt conscious' that a man seated in front was the criminal. She was so sure of this that she descended and notified a policeman; but by the time she had fetched the policeman and they had found the bus, the man had disappeared.

Another 'clue' came from a woman who enjoyed the reputation of a lady of easy virtue in the East End. She had met a man and had invited him to her apartment, where he had attempted to kill her by the usual method.

She was certainly wounded and taken to hospital. But her description of her assailant was somewhat changeable, although she even went the length of displaying her injury to those who would buy her a drink.

Detectives fairly haunted the East End in the hope of finding Jack. In one instance a disguised detective hung about Whitechapel Road throughout one night — and next morning, at dawn, was called to a scene where a woman had been murdered within a short distance of where the detective had lounged at the time of the crime.

The Ripper was 'seen' by hundreds of people, who came to tell the C.I.D. when and where he had been encountered. He was a small man, he was a tall man. He was bearded, he was clean-shaven. He wore a frock-coat, he was in a lounge suit. He was hatless and he wore a cap. He had the appearance of a gentleman, he looked like a tramp. His age was variously guessed at as 'in the twenties,' and so on up to the sixties.

It was said he wore a cloak, under which he concealed his surgeon's knife. Then again, he always carried a small handbag. One local doctor was followed by a detective for hours because he carried a handbag. But he wasn't Jack the Ripper.

Feeling ran high throughout London. Why didn't the C.I.D. arrest the murderer? I can tell you why. Because there never was an atom of information gained to point to him. He was the most stealthy prowler, the most silent criminal, the most diabolical killer of that period of crime.

But all the same, the C.I.D., as I have mentioned, had their own ideas. I believe that had another crime of the sort been committed there would have been a sensational arrest. But, suddenly, the crimes ceased as suddenly as they had begun.

Towards the end of the year a man leaped over London Bridge into the Thames. The current caught him and carried him out of sight.

But his body was found next morning. It was taken by the river police to a mortuary, and detectives came down from Scotland Yard.

The body was that of the Russian doctor, the insane practitioner who had been under suspicion for some time. He was known to have specialised in midwifery and similar branches of his profession.

Why had he committed suicide? Was it because he was at last aware that he was being watched? Was it because he knew that his

devilish deeds would ultimately be traced back to him?

Nobody knows. He left no information on that score, no confession. But the C.I.D. were certain that this madman was Jack the Ripper and that the killing of these women would cease.

There was another crime of similar type the following year, in 1889. People said that Jack had begun again. But the C.I.D. were unmoved. They had reasons for putting this



A.B. Harry Hodgkinson, Report is "Pink"

EDNA had just gone out together, and that is what they when we called at 18 Portland Road, Blackpool, but we were fortunate in finding your mother there, A.B. Harry Hodgkinson. She told us all the news of the family.

Eleanor and Eve, your two A.T.S. sisters, are still enjoying life to the full, and are liking the A.T.S. as much as ever. Incidentally, your mother is expecting Eve to be home on leave soon. She will have the usual seven days and then is returning to a new station — the one where Eleanor is at the moment. At long last they will be together, and that is what they have always wanted.

Bill's 'milk-girl' is in the pink. Each day she brings your mother's milk in her little can. . . . mother remarked to us that it wasn't a case of marrying the butcher's boy — it was a case of marrying the milk-man's girl!

Bert has been sent a mouth organ, through the 'Gazette,' together with the weekly papers, which go in any case, as you know. It appears that Bert has taken a sudden craze for one of 'the wretched things,' to quote your mother.

As you can see from the picture, she is in the best of health. In fact, everybody is in the pink.

Greeting A.B. Frank Goulden

MOTHER, Freda and Hilda were all at home when we called at 62 Conder Road, Blackpool, A.B. Frank Goulden.

They are looking forward to the day when Jim and yourself are both home again for good. Jim has just had a seven-day leave, or rather should we say a nine-day leave? He was due to return on May 8th, but with VE-Day coming and with all the celebrations, he took two more days and chanced the result! 'Just like our Jim, that!'

Hilda is working hard at her dressmaking. Mum says she sews from morning till night.

Oh, before we forget, they would like you to know that Auntie Phyllis from Southbourne Road came the day before we called, and that she is very well indeed and there's nothing to worry about.

Dad was at work when 'Good Morning' called, but Hilda says that he is back at his old job now and is thankful for it, but the one thing that he misses is the football team.

Just as we were coming away from 62, who should ride



"Stop worrying! You can have your water-pistol back in a minute!"

new crime down to the 'law of imitation,' which 'law' so often appears after a series has impressed the public mind.

There have been no such crimes since. And Jack the Ripper is almost a legend.

HOME TOWN

WHEN Petty Officer George Pass left his wife in the Channel Islands in 1938 before going to China, he little suspected he would not see her again for seven years.

However, they met again at Devonport after Mrs. Molly Pass had been brought over from Guernsey in a naval launch, the first woman to arrive since the liberation of the islands.

P.O. Pass had a shock to find his wife dressed in old, worn-out garments, with a bathing costume as underwear. Her worn-down shoes had been re-soled with rubber tyres.

And he had a job to kit her out. At first all they got was 12 coupons, which went on a new costume!

ESCORT. WHEN Admiral Huffemeier, German C-in-C. of the Channel Islands, and General Wolff, another high-up, were brought to Plymouth as prisoners they were taken ashore blindfolded.

After they had stepped on shore the bandages were removed — and they found they had been under escort of a party of Wrens!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE SULTAN'S WIFE EGGED HIM ON

AS the last testimony of my had in view for the furtherance of my escape was to obtain possession of the money which was sewed in the padding of my former master's turban. But it had been her. I had established my reputation as a barber throughout ours and the neighbouring encampments, and had become a favourite of the men; but although I had reason to believe that the Banou of my master would fain become more intimately acquainted with me than she hitherto had been, yet as neither she nor any of the other women could employ me in my profession as a shaver, our intercourse hitherto had been confined to tender glances, occasional acts of kindness on her part, and of corresponding marks of thankfulness and acknowledgement on mine.

I very soon found that this exhibition of my abilities and profession might be productive of the greatest advantage to my future prospects.

Every fellow who had a head to scratch immediately found out that he wanted shaving, and my reputation soon reached the ears of the chief, who called me to him, and ordered me to operate upon him without loss of time.

He freely expressed his satisfaction and his approbation of my services, said, on feeling his head, that I had shaved him two days' march under the skin, swore that he never would accept of any ransom for me, be it what it might, and that I should, henceforth, be entitled to the appointment of his own body barber. One of the first objects which I draw teeth, and set a broken

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But as they knew enough of civilised life to be aware that in Persia barbers were also surgeons—that besides shaving and rubbing in the bath, they could bleed, draw teeth, and set a broken

Looking upon this as a favourable opportunity to learn some tidings of the object of my solicitude, or perhaps to gain possession of it, I immediately answered that provided I was furnished with a pen-knife, I hoped that I could bleed as dexterously as the best of my profession.

The instrument was produced, and one of the elders of the tribe, who pretended to a smattering of astrology, announced that a conjunction of the planets favourable to such an operation would take place on the following morning.

At that auspicious moment, I was introduced into the women's tent, where I found the Banou seated on a carpet on the ground, waiting for me with great impatience. She was not a person to excite sensations of a tender nature in a novice like me; for, in the first place, she was of an unwieldy size (so different from the slim forms that we are taught to prize in Persia) that I looked upon her with disgust; and, in the next, I lived in such terror of Aslan Sultan, that had I aspired to her favour, it must have been in the constant dread of the loss of my ears.

However, I was much noticed by her, and received great attentions from her companions, who, looking upon me as a being of a superior order, all wanted to have their pulses felt.

Whilst making my preparations for bleeding the Banou, I cast my eyes about the tent, in the hopes of seeing the prize, which I

was anxious to possess. It struck cated disorder—that the blood very must not be allowed to flow upon operation in which I was engaged the ground, but be collected in a subservient to my views, and vessel, that I might examine it at demanding to feel the patient's leisure.

the Banou a deviation from the usual practice only served to confirm her opinion of my superior skill.

Here, however, a new difficulty arose. The scanty stock of a Turcoman could ill afford to sacrifice any utensil by applying it to a service which would defile it for ever. They were recapitulated one by one, and all found too precious to be thrown away.

I was hesitating whether I might venture to go straight to my point, when the Banou bethought herself of an old leather drinking-cup, which she desired one of the women to search for in a corner of the tent.

(Continued on Page 3)

Part 2 The Adventures of Hajji Baba tells how he entered the Harem

pulse once more, which I did with a look of intense meditation, I observed that this was a compli-

This strange proposal of mine raised an immediate outcry amongst the women; but with

JOKE CORNER

QUIZ for today

1. Which is heavier, a French ton or an American ton?
2. What anniversary is your "china" wedding?
3. What is the proper name for "calomel"?
4. In what country did the radish originate?

5. Of what commodity could you buy a "pocket"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 82, 65, 74, 58, 93, 42, 82.

Answers to Quiz in No. 704

1. Hundredweight.
2. Fifteenth.
3. Zinc sulphate.
4. Persia.
5. Lead.
6. Valencia is in Spain; others are in Italy.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

FOR several weeks posters showing a long-haired, sloe-eyed, wicked-looking damsel sidled on to walls and hoardings in London. The tantalising look and the name, Lauren Bacall (rhyming with McCall) fired everyone's imagination.

This new Warner star, appearing in "To Have and Have Not," with Humphrey Bogart playing the male lead, drew crowds specially to see her. The plot of the film is rather slight and considerably divorced from Ernest Hemingway's novel of the same name.

The setting is the Vichy-run island of Martinique, and the story is concerned with the activities of the Free French agents there.

Harry Morgan (played by Bogart) is the impartial American who gets involved in the fight for freedom against his will, and succeeds in vanquishing the enemy and saving a very secret and very important agent and his wife (Dolores Moran)—still against his will.

Walter Brennan plays his rum-sodden mate extremely well, and Hoagy Carmichael is fascinatingly unconcerned about the whole affair and continues to play the piano, even when a dead body or two lie within a few feet of him.

It is, however, ex-usherette and ex-model Lauren Bacall who steals the picture.

She plays slim, slinky, sultry American girl with an inclination to steal wallets when she's broke. Her husky, expressionless voice and contrasting long slanting look, which is full of calculating suggestion, serve to make her a "femme fatale" of the most potent type.

It is difficult to judge yet whether the young lady—she is twenty-one—can act, because in this her first film, she was, apparently being just Lauren Bacall.

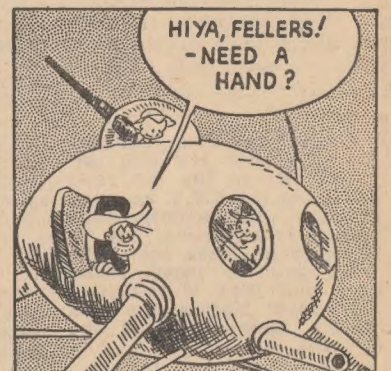
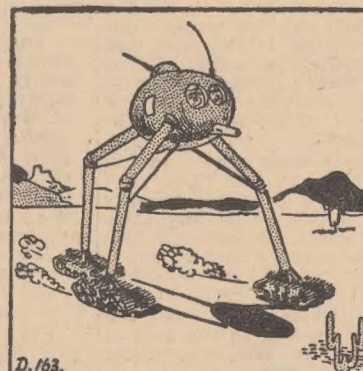
She says her "down under look" was natural with her a year ago, and this plays a large part in the "wolverine" act.

After her next film, "The Big Sleep," she and Humphrey Bogart will be separated: that is, professionally, for they were married earlier this year. Lauren will then team up with Charles Boyer in "Confidential Agent," an adaptation of the Graham Greene novel.

Anyway, with or without acting ability, Miss Bacall has something which should keep her in pictures for some time.

Following the lead given by other Hollywood stars, notably the "Oomph Girl," the "It Girl" and "The Shape," Lauren Bacall could be appropriately referred to either as "The Look" or "The Voice."

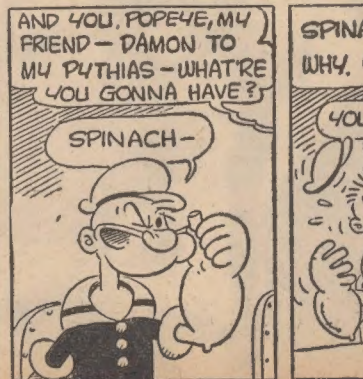
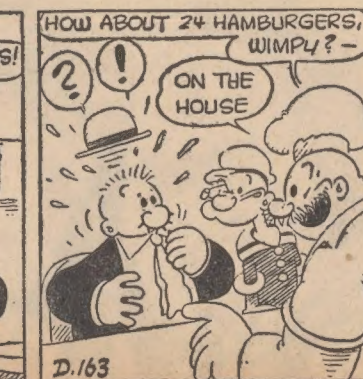
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE





THE FARM IN THE CASTLE KEEP.

Standing on the edge of a ravine in a wild part of Northumberland is 13th-century Aydon Castle. Over six hundred years ago the Scots, raiding over the border, twice sacked and burnt this English stronghold. To-day, no marauders disturb the slumbering courtyards. The only sounds heard there are the quacking of ducks, the crowing of cocks, and sometimes the plaintive bleat of sheep. The Castle is now a farm — and this is the farmer's little daughter chasing those silly ducks!



STRONG MAN BURSTS HOT-WATER BOTTLE.

Seems Rocky Brookes — the guy with the National Gallery tattooed on his manly form — has a grudge against rubber hot-water bottles. For heaven's sake, don't ask us why! But he goes about blowing them up until they burst in his face. His ambition now is to blow up a barrage balloon — and burst that.



ANOTHER WAY TO BEAT THE FISH QUEUE!

Personally, if we were setting out to hunt fish with a bow and arrow, we'd shoot the fishmonger first!



THE GIRL WHO TOOK THE CANCAN BACK.

This must be that legendary girl of song and story who once started a heat-wave by making her seat wave. Which isn't surprising, because our temperature's rising. "Boy! The thermometer."



A COUPLE OF HIGH-UPS IN THE HOP BUSINESS.

Their job is to repair the wire frames on which the growing hops are trained. Picture was taken on Whitbreads' hop farm. What puzzles us is what happens to the hops when they've grown 'em! Makes us hopping mad, it does.